

Wow!
#2

50¢
cheap

Rocking in Squaretown A²R Review



MISTFITS

HALLOWEEN



ZAP!

October 1982

Well, it took months of procrastination but we finally got issue # 1 to the printers. So now we're bringing #2 right into your very own home. If you liked our first mag, thanks and stick with us, if you didn't, too bad! you can go read Good Housekeeping or the National Liar. Anyways, it's been an interesting fall so far. I've been taking a few classes at WCC, I was looking forward to getting a little 'higher education' however I found out on the first day of classes that most of my teachers were lame assholes and the students were clone babies. After five drops and adds I managed to find a few intelligent teachers, which is cool. Okay, maybe I'm a snob but if I'm paying money to go to school I want to learn something, I'm not going to school just because everyone else is or because mommy and daddy are paying for it, I'm going for purely selfish motives—I want to improve myself. So, enough lectures, one good thing about fall is that there's a lot more stuff going on in town. Okay, I agree most of the local bands only play rock n roll covers but there are a few good bands around. So it's the season for dancing, movie going, and massive weekend partying. Should be fun, or at least interesting. Lately I've felt like the quality of life isn't too good, I don't know what's missing but I felt like I needed to change something. Well after two weeks of being confused and bummed out I decided that it's not worth getting depressed about. Life goes on whether I want it to or not, so what if it's a cruel world, this is 1982 and I'd be a fool to expect peace love and all that stuff in my lifetime. So, it's back to playing the fool, if ignorance is bliss then I'll take happiness over knowledge any day.

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the A² Review is published monthly by Spastic Fantastic Enterprises.

editor is Alice Royston. If you have comments, complaints, or contributions, send them to 1047 Olivia, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104.

CELEBRATE LIFE

MISFITS

Fate Unknown/Necros/Misfits at the City Club Saturday Sept. 25th 1982

This was a fun show! We got to Detroit super early and spent hours hanging out until the show started. Fate Unknown, a local band I'd never heard, played the opening set. They were really good, I hope I see more of them. The Necros were pretty good, though their new guitarist is no Brian. Anyway, the crowd was having a good old time thrashing, there weren't any major fights. I couldn't believe the bouncers, they were throwing people out left and right. If they didn't like the way you thrashed-Boom! you were out the door. And then the Misfits came on, WOW! They're great! They started off with a hyper version of "Halloween" and rocked on from there. It was fantastic, they played every thing about three times as fast as on their records. Mondo Fun! I really dug the fact that I could hear the lyrics clearly-thanks Glenn! I especially liked "Hate Breeders" and "Horror Business". They kept coming back on stage for four encores. All in all it was a very entertaining Saturday night.



Ragnar Kvaran/Cult Heroes/Destroy All Monsters
Monday Sept 27th at Second Chance

We didn't get to the show until the Cult Heroes were on. So I don't know if Ragnar Kvaran was any good or not. The bar was packed, mostly with the usual drunk assholes and lots of "New Wave" preppie girls. The Cult Heroes sounded good, I had fun dancing but there wasn't hardly any room to dance and there were a lot of stuck up bitches on the dance floor who act as if they're gonna die if you accidentally bump into them. I would have loved to thrash them all across the floor, but I decided to be nice for a change. Destroy All Monsters was a big joke, all their songs were too slow to dance to and they all sounded identical. Their singer sounded like a cat being run through a meat grinder and looked like a cheap stripper, as I watched the show I wondered if this is supposed to be rock n roll or burlesque. I'm glad we all got in free, I would have felt ripped off if I had paid money for this so called show.

Upcoming Event: HALLOWEEN Costume Ball

Put on your spazziest costume and don your dancing shoes for a Halloween night party with Batteur Attaque, SLK, and the Cult Heroes. Prizes for the best costume. Be there or be square.
7:30 pm October 31st in the Michigan Union Ballroom.

Warning.

THIS COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!

ARE YOU GOING TO THE BIG 'PUNK' PARTY ON FRIDAY?



NATURALLY 'EVERYBODY' BUT **EVERYBODY** WILL BE THERE. I CAN HARDLY WAIT.



WALKING HOME BETTY WONDERS WHAT TO WEAR ON FRIDAY. BEING A TOTAL PREPPY, SHE REALIZES SHE HAS NOTHING 'PUNK' TO WEAR. BUT - BETTY IS NO DUMB BLOND - SHE HAS A SOLUTION - **MAKE GAYS** over priced, trendy new wave clothes and accesories for all you asshole s. EVERYTHING A POSEUR NEEDS TO FIT IN!

FRIDAY NIGHT:

HI! WANNA POGO?



Meanwhile A²'s editor is having serious problems:



stay tuned for details of this sordid affair

to be continued.....

Appliances and Tuna Fish

by Adria

I be jimmy jamin juvin
 gimme some lovin jimme
 some loving in the toaster oven.
 I said come on baby be my slave
 then we can jam in the microwave
 I said jimmy joen don't be a faker
 my jimmy jam popping like a popcornmaker
 Now baby don't say it ain't fair
 'cause you goin to freeze in my Fridgedair
 I say beepity beep toot
 titty skop my ding a joenin
 jammin and it's goin to pop.
 I say rub clean dee
 it up mean I say do't to me
 faster than a washing machine
 I'm your man that you want
 to be I don't eat nothin
 but Chick of the Sea
 Now jimmy dope don't
 nope I'm your jimmy jamin
 jumpin disco funky pope.

ADOLESCENCE @ 1980

by Dan Pettit

Why do you keep me hanging on?
 What is it you want from me?
 You've never really loved me,
 So go ahead and set me free.
 I'm sick of this off and on shit.
 I swore monthes ago this was it!
 You're all I have right now,
 I want to just dump you.
 But I have to find another,
 Before I tell you we're through.
 Just you wait, I'll make you cry and hurt.
 Just like you made me do, you little flirt.
 Not only a flirt, but also a tease,
 So get out of my life & put my mind at ease



Our Very Own Tacky Soap Opera

scene 2; Harry went to his drawer (the one on the top left side) and pulled out....!....a pair of olive green socks. His mother opened the door feeling gentle and caring.
 "Harry Bellesville?" she said softly.
 "Yes Ma?" the boy returned, knowing he was in deep shit.
 "I understand that your father's homosexuality has been hard on you. I just want you to know...I understand."
 "Aw ma, have you been drinking wine with your valiums again?"
 Just then Harry's girlfriend Sharleena, walked in crying.
 "What's the matter?" Harry asked.
 "I just found out that my other boyfriend Julio gave me herpes and got me pregnant."
 Sharleena sobbed.
 "What other boyfriend?!! Who's Julio?" Harry screamed in anger.
 "I need another drink!" Harry's mother said while grasping for something to help her keep her balance.

.....meanwhile.....
 Bob and Suzie were discoing down at the local club. "Like wow, Sue, you're a real groovy dancer."
 "SHUT UP!" Suzie screamed through the music. Bob was stunned. He couldn't imagine that his plastic girlfriend could be so aggressive.
 "What the Hell is wrong with you Suzanne, are you on the rag again?"
 "Whip it out and I'll bite it off Mutha Fucker!" she replied.
 Suzie then turned her back on Bob's blanched face, popped some green M n M's and started doing the freak with a strange man...
 She was really getting down, then suddenly she started to choke on her slimy green M&M. She fell to the floor. Bob cried "Suzie, Suzie!" She was grasping for air as she stretched out her long green arm for Bob.

.....to be continued.....
 this episode brought to you by the perverted minds of: Alice, Jeannie, Rick, Dan, & Adria.
 SEE YA NEXT MONTH

Who's this?



The Who say bye-bye America (for now).
 \$
 So did all of you go see 'THE WHO'
 last Thursday night?
 Did you pay five dollars to park in the
 Silverdome parking lot?
 Did you spend fourteen dollars on one of
 the many different T-shirts they had?
 If so, you are helping to make Pete,
 Roger, John, and Kenny filthy rich.
 You are also making their first farewell
 tour an accountants dream come true.
 They expect to make a projected \$22 mill-
 ion dollars in ticket sales alone.
 Then comes the nine or ten million in
 T-shirts, and a couple of million in
 hotdogs, cola, carmel corn, and all that
 other stuff that people stuff in their
 drunken gullets.

It makes you proud you wasted fifty bucks for the whole days events.
We can't forget the tailgait parties can we? Those are a running tradition.....
But what about the music?
Is there any hope left for the music?
I personally love 'THE WHO', or when Kieth Moon was the drummer.
In my British rock collection I have more than 25 Who albums, all of which were released when Kieth Moon was the drummer.
In those days, the Who were the Wildest, craziest, most furrious rock band ever.

But still, no matter how old the Who get, and no matter how much their sound turns to that of American processed yellow cheese Disco. They will always out class their cross London pals... 'The Rolling Stones. by DAN PETTIT.

THE CULT THAT YOU CAN REALLY GET INTO!



BEAVER
is
GOD!

Join the Fun
Cult today!

Check the TV guide for local channels.
(it's so easy!)
DO IT TODAY!

Word of the Month Contest.

Anachronism:

- (a) belief that all governments are evil.
(b) mass insanity and social disorder.
(c) something out of it's proper time.
(d) none of the above.

:to enter contest send a postcard with
:the correct answer and your return
:address to: A² Review Word Contest
: 1047 Olivia

Ann Arbor, MI 48104

the first five people to answer correctly will receive a free copy of next month's magazine.

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Sex and babies and cleaning house, that's where it's all gone to pieces. Husband goes out and works his ass off all day, then comes home and bitches at his wife when his kid spills his chocolate milk on the oriental rug. And the mother rushes, rushes, rushes to clean up. She's got to please her husband, she's scared of being left with the kids and all alone without a job. Husband, wife, and children. That's a family-ya know. It's all just for show. The husband rules as king.....

.....she has no say.....men
take care of that of course...why is it
that she isn't worth a dime?.....
.....she wants to fight back.....so, she
goes out one day when the kids are out
of school...She hopes then that she can
make a new rule.

by Adria

By the way - this month's issue of A² Review was put together by Alice, Rick, Dean, Hedy, Jeannine, Adria and a cast of hundreds. Thanks to all the kids around town.

Front Cover by Alice Royston
Back Cover by Susan Schmidt

also stuff
by Mark
#515

Itzhak Perlman

MORE STUFF-LOOK!

Violinist

SAMUEL SANDERS, Pianist

TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 5, 1982, AT 8:30
HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

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This concert was certainly a 'High Society' event. All the petty bourgeois of Ann Arbor dressed nice just for the hell of it, and coughed through nearly the entire program. Perlman showed why he is one of the worlds great violinists, as he dazzled the entire audience with his far reaching repertoire. The program consisted of Bach, Beethoven, and Dvorak. Sanders was as challenged by the Sonata in A major, Op. 12, No. 2 (by my man, Ludwig Van) as Perlman was, and they both demonstrated great poise in not failing to rise to the occasion. Itzak Perlman is, crippled, by the way, and it sort of freaked me out, because I had no idea, and it turned out that he needed crutches to walk due to some sort of handicap. He looked real determined to not let anything stop him, and he's only 37 years old, (which is amazing considering the ages of Isaac Stern or Nathan Milstein). Anyway, he then played the Partita in D minor for solo violin by Johann Sebastian Bach, which is considered one of the greatest (and most difficult) pieces ever written for violin. At this point many people became downright rude by coughing in the midst of the beautiful violin playing, and I had never heard anything like it before! It made me wonder - is Ann Arbor in the middle of a secret plague of something? I mean I like to get dressed up nice and go to the show like everyone else, but I didn't cough once during the entire performance, but there were these two guys next to me who were coughing up a storm and they were homos. The Dvorak was okay, but not as good as the first two selections. Then they played several spontaneously chosen songs, and the final one was a real knock out, a rapid Spanish sort of number. Then they dragged Perlman and the pianist, Sanders back for a few bows, but they had obviously pulled all the stops on their last piece and would play no more. The Petty Bourgeois then tripped on their patent leather pumps on the way to the parking lot.

MR

Movie Review - "Class Of 1984" by Drucila
This movie, supposedly based on a 'true' story is the worst flick I've seen all year. I'm nominating it for Wanker of the year. Set in some large city in the not too distant future, where teenagers are randomly vicious Punk brats, who terrorize the teachers and other adults, this is a middle aged Stodgie's nightmare. I could not believe it, "Salami" from the TV show "The White Shadow" was cast as the leader of the Punk gang, (I wondered how anyone was seriously supposed to be afraid of some Calvin Kline clone who looked like he spent every waking hour looking at himself in the mirror). Anyways, to put it bluntly, this movie sucked. It was stupid, boring, and pointless, and it wasn't even that violent, only 6 people got killed in the entire movie, and mostly there was no action until the last 15 minutes. So, anyhow I Dog dis Movie! Shee-it!

.....
By ~~PEEVE~~ NURS
Together as one, running into the sun,
Watch your step don't fall-32 more stall,
In a hurry to do, whatever it will do,
--Nine is out of ten only one to try again
Sit down stand-up, off the wagon
--on the truck
Toke-dope drop-dot, always do what you
--should not
In here over there, s'hard to find red
underwear.
Locking booze, in your trunk, waiting just
to get you drunk.
Rumors say too true, that you're looking
--for you
Take-2, eat-3, sit back and let it be...
Seeking death/seeking life, I see you now,
--seeking a wife
Waste the time you spend, looking for a
husbanddddddd....
Falls bells ring? Well! Yours rings in hell!
Pressure splits all seams, time-to-time see
Fingering the air til, you have taken
--your fill...
Did you hear about her? Found dead-in-dirt!
Red sox, purple shoes, all the latest
--fashion news.
Shattered dreams, hang-out scenes, endin'
--up a drug fiend,
Miss: class Act: ass, thinkin' that you will
--pass...
It's the newest fad, man,
--turning in the pop can.



America on the other hand,
especially Reagan tends to view the
Soviet Union as a singleminded
expansionist power. It must be checkmated at
all points around the globe.

capitalism, socialism,
communism, baptism,
warm jism, confusionism!

Does anybody
Really care?
if so, please
let me know.



Witty Ronnie does it again. Film at 6:00 pm.

We're looking for trouble.

WHITE DOPES ON FUNK

Cause we live in America
Land of Coke and Sacharin,
Filtered Cigarettes.

FEAR

it's not the end. We can allways pretend.
God knows there's more around the corner.
I don't want to know, but if you find out
wake me up and tell me so.

(7)

The Who Sept. 30th Pontiac Silverdome

The gates were to open at 3:00pm, our auto arrived at 1:30 and the gates were open. People were in line at every entrance 6 hours before the show. The scene was set to get drunk and rock. We were herded with the rest of the drunken cows in front of the doors to await the race for a good seat. The doors opened around 3:30 or 4:00, we raced to find a good seat and wait for the show to start. Eddie Money opened the show at 7:30, by that time the main floor was shoulder to shoulder with drunks, one of which had puked on my leg. I immediately decided to take the security of my seat. I don't think I have to say what I thought of Eddie Money. Next the Clash came on, they were high energy but they had a bad mix and a bad audience. They started their set with a couple songs from older albums and went into their newer recordings. They did the smart thing and didn't stop between songs, otherwise the Detroit drunkards would have booed them off the stage. The Clash had finished their set and everyone was waiting for the WHO. You saw the curtain rising to the screen above the stage, and then — BAM!!! There's a good old Schlitz ad, SCHLITZ ROCKS AMERICA! The WHO came on with "Substitute" with Pete Townsend doing the traditional windmill strumming and Roger Daltrey whipping the mike around a good twenty feet. They played a few new songs, and then went into five songs straight from 'Quadrophenia' the audience loved it! They did pretty much what the people wanted. They played mostly old tunes before they went off stage and came on for the encore, which started with "Summertime Blues", then "Magic Bus" and they ended with "Twist and Shout" which I've never hear them do before. Basically, they were (as the Detroit rockers would say) Kick Ass!

by Rick Osborn



GREAT SPIRITS HAVE ALWAYS
ENCOUNTERED VIOLENT OPPOSITION
FROM MEDIOCRE MINDS - Albert Einstein

Look at Me by Alice

See me, I'm so crazy, she says
Laughing and crying
in a single night,
wish everything was alright
Sometimes, she says,
wish I had died,
Remember all the times
she tried?
See me run away, she says,
We'll play again another day
when everything is okay.
In this crazy world
you just can't win,
the normies act like
being happy is a sin.
See me, she says,
I'm a mass of confusion,
when darkness comes
and masks this illusion,
Will you still remember me?
See me, see me, see me,
please, she says,
I'm so crazy, crazy, crazy,
she says, says, says.

Pleasure may come from
Illusion, but Happiness
comes from Reality.

SLK Oct. 1st Mich Union U Club

We showed up around 9:30 and SLK started their 1st set not too long after that. All the kids were there (and quite a few pedestrians), there was dancing, consumption, and much rejoicing as soon as the band started playing. The rudies were skanking away to the super fast ska music. The club was really packed, and the dance floor got too crowded almost immediately. The music was super hyper-active and the place was filled with people thrashing and sweating. Things got pretty wild in the midst of it all, I stashed my glasses, I broke them while skanking to SLK at the mudbowl and I didn't want them to get crunched again. It was fun thrashing, but by the time they were playing their third set there were a lot of too drunk assholes on the dance floor who were just bashing into people obnoxiously. I was getting really pissed, come on guys - get a straight edge - it's not 'cool' to get too fucked up. This is Ska, not Black Flag. Anyways, it was a good show, they played 4 sets, which was cool. by Alice D.



The Mrs. Robert J. Foster, 1011 Foster Street, St. Paul, Minn., who was to open at 7:30 p.m. on the 10th, at 1:30 and the gates were open, people were in line at every entrance & doors before the show. The house was set to get drunk and rock, we were loaded with the rest of the drunken crew in front of the house to wait the race for a good seat. The crowd 7:30 or 8:00, we raced to start the show and wait for the show to start. The show started at 8:00, by that time the show was in full swing. The show was a good one, but I thought it was a bit long. The show was a good one, but I thought it was a bit long. The show was a good one, but I thought it was a bit long.



See Schmidt 62